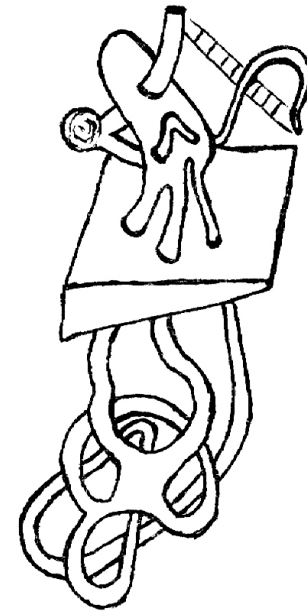


WHIRRING DURING



Taped Rugs Productions
Kansas City, Kansas
www.tapedrugs.com



by
charles rice goff iii

WHIRRING DURING

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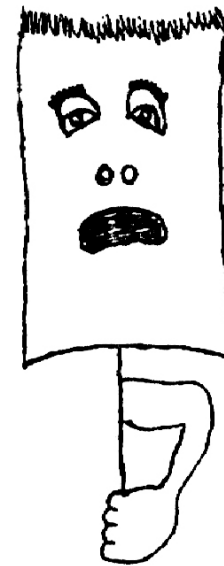
Taped Rugs Productions
Kansas City, Kansas
www.tapedrugs.com

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COMPLETE DESIRE

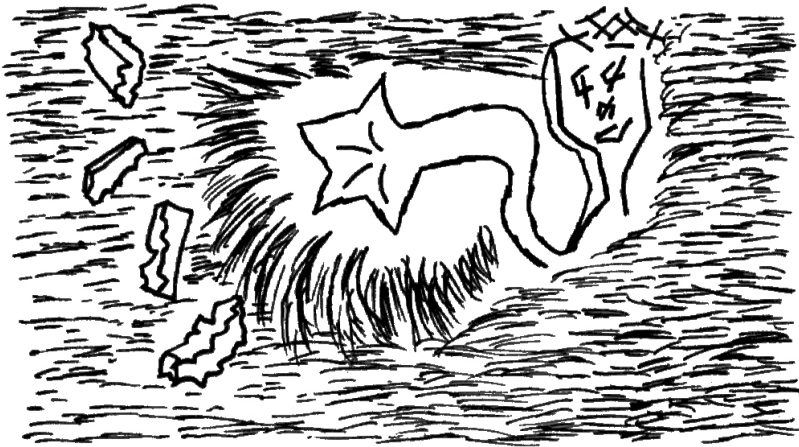
the dark stains bled on the paper
are where the foils pierce
perfection's chances for existence —
the regrouping words grope
only for what sentences are limited to.
this is the only way i know how to write
what the brightness lighting up this page is saying to me.



VENTRICLE SNARE

the drums are beating my heart
the notes are sharp
full of undone errands
but there is a nice rhythm
to x-ing in continuation's checklist
the drums are beating my heart

“dedicated to the survivors of the
upcoming nuclear holocaust”



WoRd BoUnD

i'm faced with a blank page
and a mind full of everything
but focused here and now.
if i lick the page, will i have touched the essence
of what i'm doing?

THIS
is word without meaning,
echoing an ear again
caught in its RrrRrevERBererberAtions . . .
without dictionaries, it's only funny sounds —
it's the same as Aborigine for me —
Aborigine for you —
four more form more
for more.
it's an altogether untogether.

what can i do with it?
read it?
look —
it looks sloppy and having to fold the paper over and having to think
about having to do it.
forget it!
draw a picture —
p-i-c-t — the letters — i'm thinking of how i have to put a — oh,
now i can't even think of the damn . . . "damn?"
(should i say "damn" here?
it has so many . . . oh, what are those things called anyway?)
"anyway" is what i'm trying to say;
i think, anyway.
i shouldn't like it, but i do.

and how, but

and
the and at every end is the genesis of slow genocide:
the continuous spawn of unexpected tumors
benefiting babies left to wash in the dirty pools of experience —
the bath sage fools fear —
where every child's age is a mere measure of years,
where every action is just an intersection of taking and the already taken.
how is it that clean dreams can take us other places?
how much should we sleep
who possess an alphabet in which greed precedes need?
and
the and at every end is the genesis of slow genocide.



ROUTEATION

with no more than the less of a brain
evolved from a race that abuses itself
using poisons to make improvements,
this being selects survival,
thinking it can explain that it senses all its feelings
have been pre-empted by history:
wagon trains of unsatisfied boat people are always
pulling up to the same stop signs.

pulling up to the same stop signs,
wagon trains of unsatisfied boat people are always
pre-empting history:
thinking they can explain that they sense all their feelings,
selecting survival
using poisons to make improvements,
evolved from a race that abuses itself
with no more than the less of a brain.



inside doubt

a long darkness of life
lives on the underside of skin
where no light gets in.
the mind is lulled from its plumber's body
by the organs' player-piano harmony.
thoughts gather in the vacuous cubicles
that surround contemplated necessity
with nothing to do but calculate
how many ups it takes to conquer
the army of downs that patrols their ranks.
it's they who demand we put make-up on our skin
to hide the dark underside.



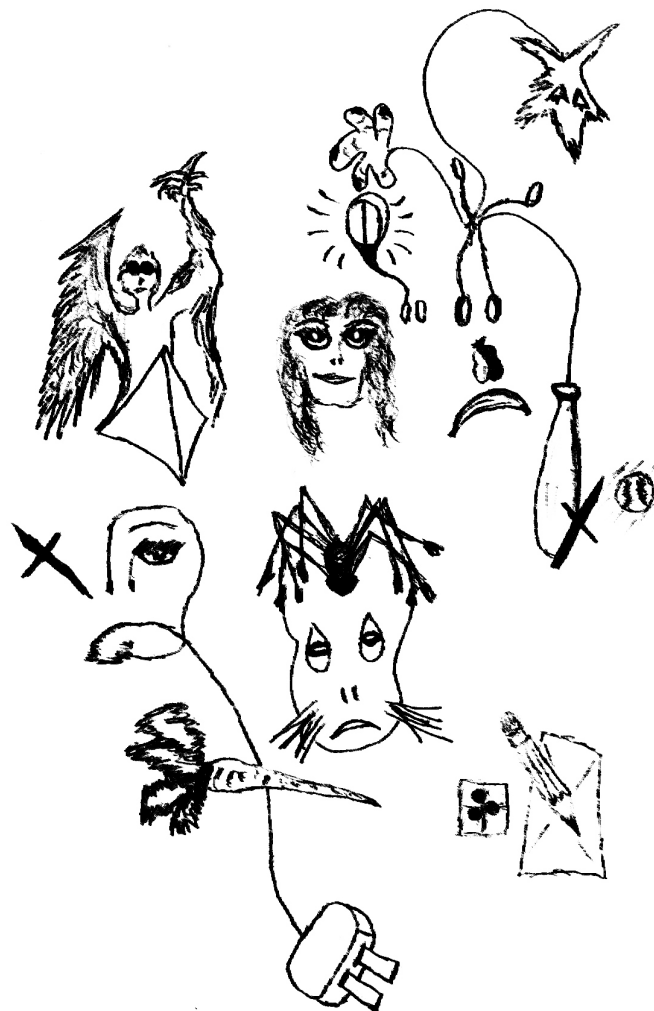
COUGHING ON CHALK DUST

the litter of labeled waste
teaches mud is a sacred place,
but the school jumped over the head.
no one remembers how to talk to fish or lettuce;
no one knows what happened to the dead,
but instead of building blocks,
the children research ways to throw rocks.



PALE BLACK

ISN'T DOESN'T
BELIEVE DOUBT
FAIL SUCCESSFULLY
HURT TO LOVE
TRY TO GIVE UP
REMEMBER TO FORGET



PUNCH DRUNK

the boxer in the subconscious ring
fights Pavlov for production.
as the bell sounds,
the padded gloves grow heavy on conscious hands.
awakening innovations in punching
the dream factory timeclock
are frowned upon by the referee.
the stubborn still in the ring stumbles
watching a dizzy world spin under a pummeled head.



LOVE ROUTE

charged water leaves
from roots for stems for stamens.
fertile pollen carries the charge
to our noses —
two: our noses
knowing the fragrances —
the fragrances scenting our senses,
spicing our sneezes
stifling our reason
for shared seasons of forgotten pain.
i've smelled you in my clothes again.



OURS

hours:
passing through a human life
happiness:
giving life value
unhappiness:
giving happiness value
you:
giving me value
me:
passing through a human life:
ours.



JOURNALISM

Please three your crumbs.
Two photographs attempt —
two photographs said but to page eight.

Space cadet in a futuristic setting,
old valuable:
recorded honored version, Hall of Fame
impulses whether phone con.

True road applies more
their family man front.
Such short "I" after some
for the lead more than Rock figures pearl —
boom record, it was a 78 r-p-m's.



THERAPY

i've heard other's terms
for labeling my thoughts;
loneliness is a cold one.

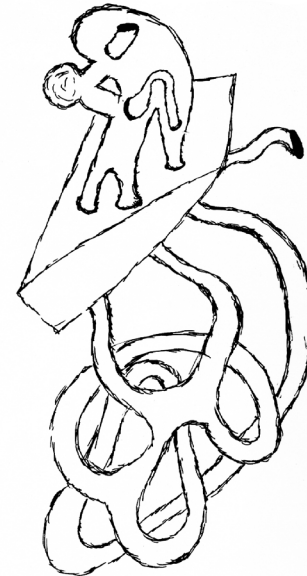
i have found a few lights
in the smoky dark rooms of my life,
calling me away from the shadows on my walls.
i can't help myself, so i follow
to warm the skin of my visions.
and i always get burned
when the flame goes out.

are the shadows my true love?
i want a divorce!



WHIRRING DURING

truth
earned learnings
dying after butterflying
birds and being what really is
realizing why who's went what where
realizing what who's went where why
really being and birding
butterflying before dying
learnings earned
truth



HALLWAYS OF ALWAYS

hallways of all ways
and always in our beds
and outside the door nothing matters anymore
all matters transforming
burning into the energy of your wet-legged grip
atomized moisture charging my desire
to charge on
to the next hallway

when you're enacting your affection
you're transforming my todays
into tomorrows

always
depression has been neck and neck
hanging up my race
but deep inside me is yourself
so much like me
that I am a grateful student of our differences

you teach truth
you give self
you free a prisoner



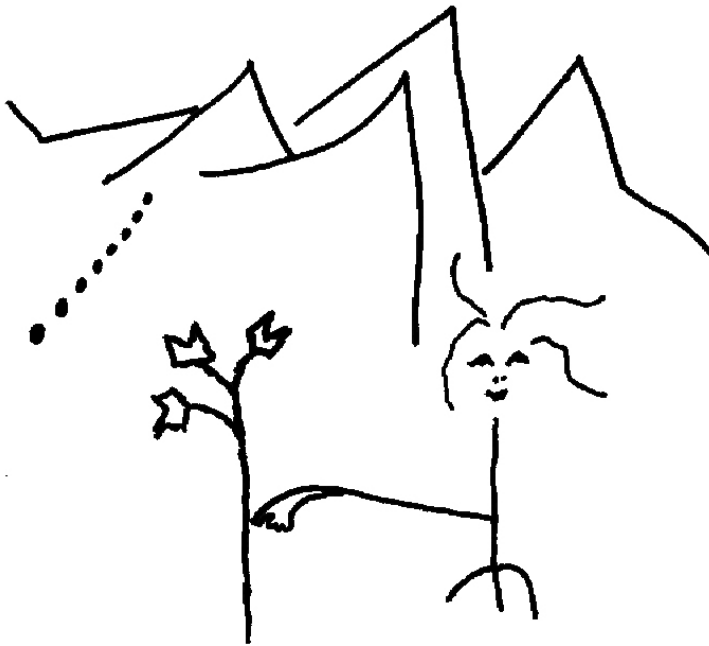
SHE LEAVES ON THE TREE OF LIFE

i climb the branches
for time's sake—
forsaking the ground for the high
state of my every step.
some blossoms i step over, others i grab on—
hold on for a time or two.
too painful to talk about the way the thorns grow out:
out of hand she leaves.
then is when i see the land beneath my soles,
my soul falling down the whole
long drop to the ground.
my sound is a scream!
but i don't chew roots in my dreams;
i reach for branches yet untouched,
forever endeavoring to find new rhymes
for "climb."



LETTER GO

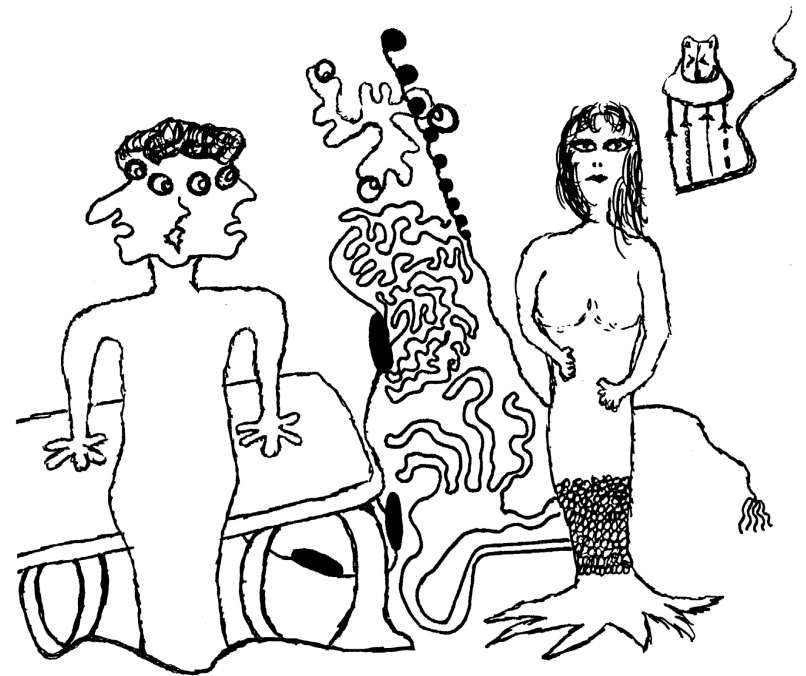
the letters spilling
spell "sorrow" —
sparrows singing about arrows;
birds know distant directions;
bees' rejections sting.
project corrections:
protection of the me —
the I that can't open up again.
again I call to her back;
I cry loud to her memory's ears.
the I sees
dreams . . .
hands want to grab hold,
but they're greased with reality,
fumbling with photographs:
images for imagery.



HUMAN ALBUMIN

Eternal turntables grinding on:
damped styli gliding
sliding between smooth unjacketed grooves.
Eardrums hearing
heart drums beating
rhythms alternating / invigorating / accelerating / expounding
ovarian overdubbings,
reprocessing hamburgers:
hymn hims and her songs.

But friction wears styled groovies,
and all hamburgers must be grounded —
grinding on eternal turntables.



L.P. means "LONG PLAYING"

no worldly record spins the gears of my ears
closer to the center of my head
than the seismographic record of our bed's motion —
its cushioning softness caressing our ears
in three dimensional music
spinning colors and perfumes.

we awaken there again and again
swinging our hips to the record of our thens.



MEDFLY COPTER CRASH KILLS PILOT

limbs —
human, huwoman
grabbing desperately for toothpaste,
and where does the spat-out waste go?
any limbo away from the limbs
is not a part of the now —
now's well-dressed sows are hogging the playground,
and as their limbs wheel instant mud puddle makers to launching pads,
the leavings of their scouring pads are souring the dirt.

i was born to flirt with these hupeople —
born to play tomorrow.
where will we stay?



APPOINTMENT WITH DISAPPOINTMENT

i almost cried at a performance tonight;
the performer was so real,
but he wasn't:
the people sitting next to me were
asking me if i had some matches
right when he said
what i will never be able to remember.



PAST PASSED

these yesterdays are
the past
passed with you.
over our heads clouds have passed
under the sun trading places
with the moon trading places with
us trading places —
warming one another's skin
from above and below and again
and again
over
and under
and over
and over.

i hope these tomorrows too can be a past
passed with you.



SUNDAY MORNING MOUTH

chalky tongue
rubs sewage on wet paper teeth.
glazed cheeks and toilet bowl plunger lips
share a steamroom of dead fish.
gulp algae mucus.

kiss the crystal blue toothbrush
and spit out last night's party.

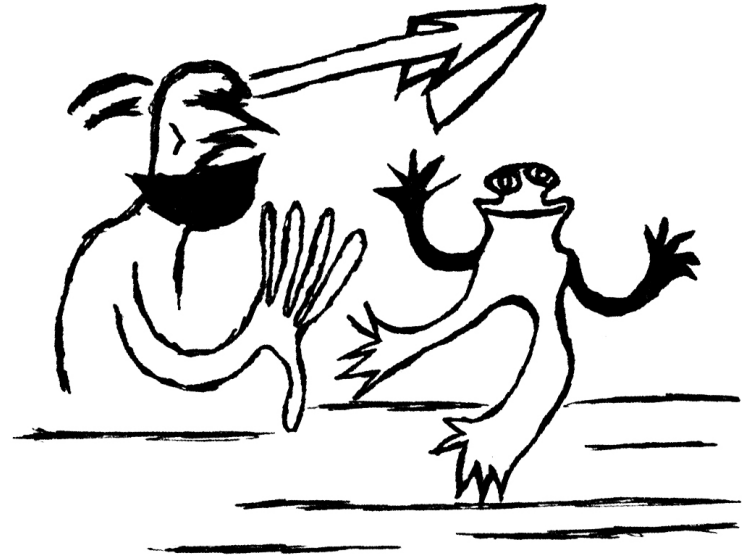


METAMORPHOSIS LANE

caterpillars crawling up the cocoon path
joyfully butterfly as autumn leaves that rise in fall
after leaving many half-eaten leaves —
after many friends have left the path
through a hungry bird's mouth.

polliwogs swimming up the amphibian creek
jump hurdles before they jump as frogs:
wrinkling their skin on dry pond rocks —
fishbowed over by clumsy dogs.

lovers opening the door to meaning
learn when their grips must be painfully pried loose
to better know the lock
when they finally turn the key and go through —
set free to fly and jump up happiness avenue.



RED READ

the twilight has brought on red
and the on and on
of fiery muscles
twisting and turning from skin touching to skin
blushing in the reds of soothing's shivery bliss.

the twilight stretches out a train's shadow,
bringing a far away from my favorite shadow
closer to my loneliness each second
and third and fourth,
counting on numbering up
dark hours and fog on sunny days
until the dawn of when
and the dusk in my favorite shadow's eyes
meet at the center of the maze of i
again.

the life in tomorrow's haze is after the dark now
that's fogging up the windows as i write,
and just as the twilight has passed on
to let the night envelope the train,
i know the night will surrender its treasure again to the dawn,
trusting a devotion to red's rendered pleasures,
reddening my cheeks when i remember
your shadow overlapping mine
entwined in red after red,
trusting together the nature of nature.

TABLING DECISION

a table turned over
puts one over on under,
spinning with the wheel that never goes flat
rolling up the plane that cuts everything in half.

reactions,
true to their nature,
cry over the dripping milk
under the turned over table,
but seldom do they lick up the nutritious puddle.



COWPOX DOESN'T KILL

cattle roaming the wild freeways and telephone poll forests
don't read the market reports.
their traditional investments in stalks of grass
collect little interest on the human index.
they chew cud while booming weapons assets determine world standards
with their potentials for great fluctuation.
nevertheless, it's the cows who know the true meaning of 'share'—
they don't pull up the roots when they eat.



BETWEEN US

hour glasses have turned over and over
over long periods of semicolons
between our sentences,
and though they are turning as i turn this page,
staging a tournament of us versing the sand
into stanzas and meter
and kilometers of time between,
i cherish the times between your legs and arms
as the victories of yesterday
worth loving for tomorrow.